

About the
French Government,
 S, CRUELTY, ARMIES, FLEET, &c.

BETWEEN
TOM and DICK, two Seamen

T. At this rate all France is but one Galley, and Fr

each Sub- all the ~~Members~~ do, they say, is an

all the ~~Minist~~ do, they say, is not the

delight; for this they burn and plunder Towns and Countries, turn Cities into Charnel-Houses, and Churches into Bonfires, dig and plough up Church-yards, rip up the big-belly'd, and drag the Dead about the Streets.

T. O that the Worm and the Grave, the Quick and the Dead, be alike of the inhumanity; and all this Popish Commage too?

D. Yes, and much more; they ravish the Mother, strip the Father, and then both for company; the Priest debauches the Daughter, and then locks her up for his own use in a Cloister; and makes her next Relations maintain her: And for all these Cruelties which they practise, wherever they come, all the World hath now a Crow to pull with the *Monsieur*, and are resolv'd to pound him up, to recover some satisfaction for all their Pains.

T. LEWIS the GREAT questions, what the Devil and all his Works. The reason then that Papists forbid the Bible is, for that their practice is quite against it: What would they have these good qualities to recommend them to us here? 'Tis much that people so well known, and so much hated, should still have the Weather-gage, and good success always for them: What, do they burn Popish Churches too? Since there are no Bibles there to kindle their fury, or to feed their flame? Prithce how comes the Priests to suffer it? and what becomes o'th Bells?

D. Why, 'tis no new thing for *Turks* and *Tartars*, and every Tool to fire a Town; but Churches still escaped, till this French way of warring was found out: besides, their Friend the Great Turk would not believe them to be in good earnest, if they did not do something more than ordinary. As for the Priests, they go shares, and have the Bells for their pains, which they sell to the Gun-Founders, who melt them into Cannonical Guns and Mortar-pieces; and the Owls are made believe, that being consecrated, they'll do better execution against Hereticks.

T. The French indeed have seem'd to use some Spell or Black Art in the case, for how a vengeance could they have gild'd their Neighbours of all those strong places that open'd to them so easily at their first appearance?

D. Ah, Tom, there are more ways to sink a Ship than one; the French often kill with white Powder, that gives no report; their Artillery of late years have been gilt, and instead of the Battering Ram, they have used the Golden Fleeces; their Silver Trumpets were turn'd into Silver Keys that had Wards to open all the Locks in Germany, Brals, and Bell-metle is not the surest for execution; this *Monsieur* finds his Pistols of more force than his Culverins; and that few Men of War of what Rate soever, are proof against them: But if this Charm fails, he works under ground, and employs Rogues and Thieves to steal and betray Towns, or else to fire them; and then he has his Spies of all sizes and Sexes with his Penions and Presents; and over and above all, he has a little gaudy Fly (call'd a French Miss) to bait his Hooks and Traps withal: And these are but some of those many Links whereof the French Chain of Slavery is compos'd.

T. But prithce, Dick, what Friends or Seconds has the *Monsieur* in all this puther he makes in the World?

D. By me troth not many; some may fear, but none can love him, unless for his Money; for like our Town-Bulbes, he thrusts himself into all Quarrells; cuffs the one, mauls the other; and tho' none gets but Blows and bloody Notes, yet he is still a winner; so that all know him too well to trust him, excepting his singular good and only Friend the Great Turk; who is made believe the Half Moon is made of French Cheese.

T. Bless us all! not trust the greatest King in the world, as I heard a French Lackquy call him t'other day. With all this huffing and heftoring he must have some publick Faith and common Honesty.

D. I'm afraid not any to spare; enough for his own turn; and when that's serv'd, he cares no further; whoever struts upon the Stilts of Tyranny and Oppression, is no Slave to his Word; his Heart is Flint, his Forehead Brals, and has no Bowels, nor sense of right or wrong; and thus the *Monsieur* breaks Treaties to preserve the publick quiet; steals Towns in time of Peace, to prevent War; makes truce only to disarm his Neighbour; and thus all is Fish that sures with his Conventency and Advantage.

T. I'm sure this would be to play the *Cunary*, if we did so at Sea: One that bubbles the Fatherless and Widow (as I heard he did the Infant King of Spain and his Mother) I've done with him; it's well we have a Ditch between us and his *Monsieurship*; but prithce what's their opinion of us in England?

D. I'll promise thee, very mean; one of them tells the World in Print, we are a sort of Animals that have no Faith, Religion, Honesty, or Justice amongst us; that we are

Cruel, Foolish, Gluttonous, and Proud to the highest degree; that we are great Braggers, little Doers, fit for no war at all, but for a rubber at Cuffs, and the Bear-Garden, &c.

T. He could not well say worse in so few words; I have forgot (it seems) we were once fit for something when one or two of our Kings were Crown'd at Paris. Well, there's no love lost; I'm sure the *Moors* and all *bars* have the same opinion of the French that we and *Europe* have: That they are false and perfidious in their nature, false to their Word, Peace-breakers, Lufful, and Reckless beyond any Creatures, treacherous in their friendship, Blame-worthy when they are uppermost, cringing and fawning when they are down; in fine, a Generation of Fiddlers and rascals, and wandering remnants of the Irish and the *Hamels*, my Friend, did to say, the French *Army* of United Fists, of much noise, and little fire, that insensibly spread their Maggots where ever they came, that he hoped ere long to see the Vermin confin'd to their Country. And I hope that those who have almost sunk Great Turk himself, may yet bring his Friend by the But to return to our point, what's thy opinion of this French? Have they good Gunners?

D. Let me see, how stands the wind? it wenes Easterly where it stood so long before; and after the late Engagement, that scap'd a French man but had bewray'd him (what with their new Wines, and more for fear) left English and Dutch should have born upon them; for let tell thee, Tom, they came not to fight, they could have done their job by any other flight of hand; they are ready at *Pimper le Pimp* as at Fire and Gunpowder, for the Men, they are poor, three-penny a'd Fellows, go Legg'd, shrivel'd shoulders, feeble Knees, and look more like Taylors and Garden-weeders than soldiers; and we but once to grapple, thee and I could clear a whole Deck of them; they look very squeamish, as if they listned not Salt-water, but would rather be any where at home, to pay two thirds of their daily labour to the great Leviathan. As for their Gunners, they are Men trained in the wild-fire Schools at *Thoulon* and *Brest*, which furnish'd these Masters of the Art of Burning to *Genova*, *Algier*, and *Germany*, and sent us that famous *Guy Faux* Gunner the late Powder plot; and they were all Disciples of that *Ignis* Chief of the *Jesuits*, who (his Name tells thee) was himself a Fire-master.

T. What came they not to fight, say'st thou? Or would they have blinded our eyes with Gold-dust, and wheedled the Mayors in the West (as they did the Mayor of *Messina*) with a dose of *Louis d'Ors* to deliver up their Towns? By these *Monsieurs*, like *Old Nick*, draw Men in, and leave them in the lurch; and no Creature so despicable as he that betrays his Country a la mode de France: And remember in my last *Strains-Voyage*, how scornfully even our up'd with his Leg and piss'd upon those turn-coat *Sicilians* who swallow'd the *Yellow Bait*, and suffer'd the *Monsieur* to catch their whole Kingdom in his Net. God save old England! I hope yet to see them taught an English Jigg, and cut many a cross Cap'r 'tween this and the Lands End. Ha, up-Boys! all hands abast! we must whip the *Monsieur* out of our Seas, and make him, like a Crab, crawl backwards to his own Creeks.

D. God save our King and Queen! our wooden Walls, our true Sons of Neptune, and our honest Tar-Boys; I hope to see the day yet *Monsieur* must shrug and cringe (as formerly) for leave to fish for a few Soals in our Seas.

T. Well fare Queen Bess, that kept his Nose to the Grindstone, that he durst not lay the Carcass of a Ship upon the Stocks without her permission; and well fare that day that Forty English Ships fought Eighty French, and hamstringing them so, that none escap'd to carry the news of their defeat.

D. Cheer up, Lad; we'll pay them now I hope for their good service in 1672, in standing by, and looking on without firing a Gun.

T. Ay, and for that cast of their Office, in firing Ships, Guns, and all at *Chatham* in 1666; to say nothing of that Firing between the *Minuets* and *Temple-Bar*, which (if all be true) proceeded from the warm Zeal and Affection that these French Fire-masters bore to our City; which may perhaps yet find a time to return them their Complement. But hold! here comes our Noble Captain, aboard whom we are to serve.

D. I'll swear he promises well; he treads firm, and has the plain, bold look of an English Seaman.

T. And I'll swear he's no Up-stare Sea-weed; he's no sucking Tary; none of those Meal-pated, Whiffing Damocles, but is as well a seasoned Lad as any in the Fleet. And so let's clap more Sails to our heels, else he'll be aboard before us.